2:Musil S-4, 5 (no date)1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

beans with an iron spoon fastened to the handle by means of a long copper chain, *id al-miḥmâse*. As soon as the coffee begins to turn brown, *aškarrat*, he lifts the plate from time to time, shakes it until the beans jump about, blows on and continues roasting them. When all the beans have acquired a dark-brown color, he shakes them out upon a wooden dish, *mibrâda*, which is also provided with a long handle, in order that they may cool off, *jebarredha*. Meanwhile he takes the second smaller pot, pours boiling water into it from the first one, and sets it by the fire. He wipes a wooden mortar, *mihbâš* (or *niǧr*), decorated with carvings, shakes, *jekubb*, into it the cold beans freed from their husks, picks up with his right hand or with both hands a long wooden pestle, *jad* (or *mehwân*), and, holding the mortar between his knees, pounds the coffee with measured and dignified strokes. After every five or six blows upon the beans he knocks the edge of the pestle against the sides of the mortar in order to get rid of the coffee clinging to it. The noise made by the mortar and pestle, *ḥess al-mihbâš*, is heard everywhere in the vicinity, and the people give their opinion as to whether these sounds are regular and artistic or not. The pounding of coffee is an art, and musical ability is judged according to the way in which it is done.

The coffee when ground to a fine powder is shaken out, *jelažžemha*, by a slave into his right hand or straight into the second pot, in which the fresh coffee is boiled. This pot is called *maṣfa'* (or *ṣalâje*). The slave takes the rag with which he has wiped the vessel, places it on the handle of the pot, and holds it above the fire, continually moving it farther away or nearer in order that the coffee may not boil over. When the coffee is thoroughly boiled, *ṭabbat*, he places the pot at some little distance from the fire in order that the coffee may settle. He then puts into the mortar a few grains of the fragrant spice known as cardamom and a pinch of saffron, beats them up, shakes them out into the third pot, which has been cleaned and warmed, and pours into it the boiled coffee from the second pot. The third pot, in which the coffee is boiled with the ground spices, is called *mabhâra*. From a circular box of wood, *ḫuṣṣi*, or copper, *ḥafaṣ*, the slave takes out small cups of solid stoneware, *fanâǧil*, pours a little water into each one, rubs them with his thumb on a piece of rag, and puts them on a copper platter called *ṣiniyye*. When the spice-flavored coffee has boiled he empties a part of it into the fourth

2:Musil S-4, 5 (no date) 1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

539x

Yesterday my beloved was near
And today [I only see] the territory of her tribe.
Behold the stone pile on the high hill,
Perhaps [from there] thou wilt see her fire.

Yesterday he left the camp, passing by the tent of h
beloved, while today he is far away from her but still i
the same territory. There, on a high hill, he sees a cairn
riǧm. He wishes to ascend, hide behind the stones, and loo
in all directions. Perhaps he will see the smoke or flame o
the fire in the tent where his sweetheart is living. The deser
air is clear, the Rwala have sharp eyesight and can see
fire even if sixty kilometers distant.

●[151]

Abṛi atamanna menweti
šaḳra ḏehúb muḥaǧǧala
abṛi elja' laḥž aṭ-ṭalab
w-rajjeẓha má-'aǧǧelha.

I wish to explain for what I long:
For a gold sorrel with white forelegs!
I wish, if the pursuing enemy overtakes us,
To let her walk but slowly, not urge her to speed.

Ṭalab is the term for camel riders pursuing raiders.
While being overtaken, the greedy cowards urge the captured
animals to the highest speed in order to make their escape.
Our rider, who desires to capture a sorrel mare of a golden
tint, has no intention of galloping away but means to check
his animal in order to repel the enemy, although he knows
that the owner of the mare and his relatives will do their
utmost to throw him from the saddle in order to recover the
sorrel.

Já 'amm wa-štar li ǧemúḥ
já budd má hi sájere
já budd min jowmen jeṯr
beh al-ḳalâje' ḥâjere.

O uncle, buy for me a mare that clears all obstacles;
Oh, truly, how such a one will attack!
Oh, truly, on the day when she attacks,
Mares whose riders have been thrown will run to and fro.

Ǧemúḥ is a mare able to jump over any obstacle. She
does not slip on soft salt-covered ground, nor fall from a